

Box 1925

The Student's Pen

Hallowe'en Number



Franchette Frocks for Fall *at \$33.00*

SIZES FOR WOMEN AND MISSES

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The **STUDENT'S PEN**

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Leaves

SPRING

A gray gauze, light and pale,
Changing to delicate green;
A stirring of buds tells the tale
Of tiny leaves soon to be seen.

SUMMER

A wealth of leaves on the trees,
So green, so strong, so bright;
They flutter all day in the breeze
And dance in the moonlight all night.

AUTUMN

Banners of red and of gold,
Flaming wild, and fair,
Suddenly loose their hold
And flutter away in the air.

Betty Hulsman, '28.

EDITORIAL

EDITOR'S
DESK

R.M.L.

Our "Student's Pen"

THE coming year ought to be a very successful one for the Student's Pen, both financially and educationally. With the present number of students enrolled in the Editorial and Advertising departments, we are looking forward to promising results.

At the beginning of the fall term, about forty-eight pupils appeared at the first meeting of the Editorial department. The majority of them were old members, although there were about fifteen who were making their first entrance to the Club. So far, they have all shown themselves to be willing, able workers, and if they are given the necessary backing by the rest of the Pittsfield High students, there is no reason why they cannot make the school paper a huge success.

At the suggestion of one of the members, there was added to the already numerous departments an art department, the purpose of which will be to furnish attractive cuts and designs for the Pen. Three or four very enthusiastic young artists have eagerly joined this new division and are working hard to produce pleasing drawings. Then, too, a discussion of a standard cover was carried on at one of the early Friday gatherings, and in fact the subject is still being considered, although the outcome is as yet indefinite.

While the editorial department is caring so well for the literary part of the paper, the advertising department, under the capable management of its new adviser, Mr. Rudman, is devoting considerable time and thought to keeping pace with, and if possible, to outdoing the financial record made last year.

If the students and teachers will only co-operate with us and give us a sufficient amount of aid and support, we can undoubtedly produce a paper which will please and satisfy the greater number of its readers.

When to Laugh

WHAT is so pleasant to hear as a good, jolly laugh at the *right* time? What is so disappointing and disillusioning as laughter at the *wrong* time? It all leads to this: do our students know when to laugh? Judging from the following incident, the answer must be negative. Thursday, October 7th, Miss Hortense Neilson gave a splendid reading of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" for the benefit of our students. She had reached the point in the play where the young soldier who had fallen asleep on picket duty is being questioned by the President. The scene is poignant with emotion. The auditorium is still, a distinct hush settles over the audience as the reader dramatically portrays the tenderness of Lincoln to the sobbing boy. But what is that noise? A half-dozen students think the scene is amusing and begin to laugh. They are joined by a dozen others, spoiling the whole effect for those who are in sympathy with the impersonator.

It is disturbing to hear laughing at a point when silence should reign. Perhaps the students mean no harm, but are we so childish, so lacking in imagination that we cannot appreciate the beauty of such a scene? Several times previously such conduct has been observed. Our teachers have spoken about it, but to no avail. Isn't it time we awoke to the fact that our reputation as courteous hosts and hostesses is suffering and our enjoyment of assemblies is being destroyed?

The next time that a similar opportunity comes to us, let's see if we can all concentrate, so that the students will feel with the speaker and be in perfect harmony with him or her. Let us make our assemblies finer and better than ever before by showing ourselves the true ladies and gentlemen that we believe ourselves to be.

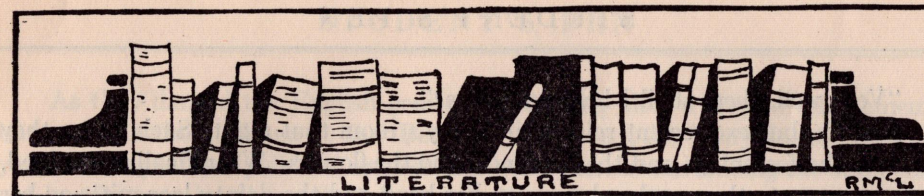
M. Nagelsmith, '26.

WITH the opening of the semester many new students are seen in the classrooms and about the corridors all taking advantage of the free education that our city offers. But are they all making the best of their advantages? There are some who do not enter high school for the knowledge gained, but rather for the sports or because they would rather go to school than work. The average student, however, likes to succeed in his studies. But he is often careless at the beginning of the year for the simple reason that he thinks there is no need for working hard at first. He believes that two or three weeks before report cards are made out, he can begin to study hard. In this he is mistaken, however, for when the time comes for examinations, he is way behind and it is often impossible to get up to the standard again. "When a man starts sliding down hill, everything seems to be greased for the occasion." This is very true of a student, for when his studies start going down hill, it is very simple to keep on going down, but very hard to regain the feet again. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the student try his hardest from the first day he enters high school to the last.

What shall we derive from an education? We have been told over and over again about the advantages of an education, but have they made much impression? Most of us want to get an education, but many times students have left school because they were lax about studying at the beginning of the year and failed in their examinations. They became discouraged and did not care to repeat the work, so they left school as the best way to end their troubles. If these students had worked at the beginning of the year, their school life would have been longer and they would have derived more pleasure there from. To conclude, the work of the first months of the year must be done well, for it must be the foundation upon which to base all the material learned during the rest of the semester.

A. Kirkland Sloper, Jr., '28.

THE class of 1926 has a budding author in its midst. The Magazine World reprinted in its October issue Margaret Smith's review of "So Big" by Edna Ferber, which appeared in the April number of The Students' Pen. Inasmuch as the review was chosen in competition with similar material from many other high schools, we feel especially proud of Margaret's success.



The Masquerade

"I don't see why my own brother can't take me out. All the other girls' brothers go out with them all the time," grumbled Betty. "Here it is Hallowe'en with that big masquerade over at Sylvia's and no one to take me there. If you weren't going to take me, why didn't you say so in the first place, instead of promising me that you would go with me?"

"Oh, gee whiz, sis," replied Johnnie. "I forgot all about that old promise. I asked Susie Corning to go. I can't back out now very well, can I?"

After this tirade, Betty settled down in the living room with a book, mumbling to herself. "I'll get even with him!" But, unless I am greatly mistaken, "Vanity Fair" was engulfed in a flood of tears.

Bang! The front door slammed, as Johnnie, murmuring a hasty "G-night" rushed forth to keep his appointment with Susie. Betty dropped her reading to run to the window, from which she saw a most unusual sight. There, on the corner, a haughty colonial dame was pirouetting before, and for the benefit of, an admiring Pierrot.

The poor little stay-at-home turned sadly away and climbed the stairs to her room. Then, unlocking one of her bureau drawers, she drew therefrom a gown which looked strangely like the one worn by the companion of Pierrot. It was a pretty thing, all "ruffles and fluffles and lace." What a shame that it was not to be used. Such a pity to have to lay it away for some future date without even wearing it.

"Isn't it funny," mused Betty, "that Susie has exactly the same kind of dress that I have. I wonder where she could have gotten it."

"Betty!"

"Yes, Mother."

"Sylvia wants to speak to you over the telephone, dear."

"All right, Mom, be down in a jiffy." And down in a jiffy she was, after having hastily deposited the costume on her bed.

"Hello, Sylvia?"

"Is that you, Betty? Aren't you coming over to my dance?"

"No, I'm sorry, Sylvia, but I have no escort."

"Oh, what a shame! But why don't you come over anyway, Betty? Please do. Dick Merrill is over here, bothering the life out of me, begging me to find out what's happened to you."

"Oh," (more brightly than before) "is he? Well, I may come over, Sylvia. I'll think it over. Yes. Allright. G'bye."

As she was hanging up the receiver, her mother passed through the room.

"Oh, mother, is it all right for me to go over to Sylvia's house anyway? It isn't far, just a couple of blocks."

"I suppose it's all right, Betty, if you really want to go."

"Oh, I do, I do!"

"Very well, then, shall I help you dress?"

And oh, but excitement reigned in Betty's room that night. Such a fuss they had over the fastenings and the bowknots and the flowers. When finally costumed, however, even to the powdered curls on her head and the dainty lace mitts on her hands, Betty stepped bravely forth into the moonlight and the fine, crispy air of an ideal autumn night. As she neared Sylvia's home, a figure stepped into a ray of light from the street lamp on the corner and looked at her eagerly. What was her surprise, when she stepped close to the figure, to find herself confronted by a magnificent English gentleman, or at least, Betty supposed he was English, although she didn't know very much history. "I prithee, my fair lady, give me thy dainty hand that I may conduct thee safely to thy destination." The English gentleman, who was clad in a splendid coat of brocaded satin, knee-breeches of velvet, with ruffles to the front of him, and ruffles to the sides of him and with a three-cornered hat and shiny shoes with silver buckles to complete the picture, looked as if he had stepped straight from between the pages of a story book. But Betty only laughed. "You can't fool me, Dick Merrill. I'd recognize your voice anywhere. Did you come to meet me? How did you know I was coming?" Then she continued in a bantering tone, "Very well, my gallant knight, thine aid comes not amiss this even. An I had progressed much farther, mayhap some spooky band had captured me."

Dick replied "Thou pliest me with many questions, lady, but 'twere uncivil and would ill become a gentleman not to answer them. Yea, verily, I did come to meet thee. It was not for certain that I knew thou wouldst come to grace with thy presence these merry halls. I did but step forth to seek thee."

Conversing thus, they had arrived at the scene of the night's activities where Betty stopped to speak for a few moments to her hostess and friend, Sylvia Lawson. Meanwhile, Dick wandered off in search of some refreshment for Betty and himself, both of them, as they had confided to each other, sadly in need of it. Then Sylvia went off to dance, leaving Betty stationed at the entrance of the ballroom.

A very robust and jolly Miles Standish was dancing with Cinderella, who kept glancing at the clock as if she really had to leave at midnight as her fairy godmother had commanded her to do. (The real reason, I believe, for her looking at the clock so often, was to see how much longer she had to endure the agony of being stepped on by her partners' wayward feet.) Then there was Louis XIV, whose sword kept getting in the way as he danced with his partner, Peter Pan, and there were ever so many others who had stepped from a book of fairy tales or from one of history.

As Betty stood there watching the dancers, a Pierrot walked up to her and exclaimed, "Here you are, Susie. I thought I'd never find you," and then, not withstanding her protests, he carried her off for the dance. "Gosh, but you dance marvelously, Susie. This is the best dance we've had yet, isn't it?" Betty nodded, not daring, to speak, for fear, partly, that her voice would give her away, but mostly lest she should burst out laughing and spoil the little comedy, which she had determined, on the spur of the moment, to see to the end.

"That's a nifty rig you've got on. Gee, I never noticed those bows before. Say, what's the matter? Why don't you say something?"

But Betty merely smiled, and tapped Pierrot lightly with her fan.

As they danced the English gentleman, bearing aloft a tray of refreshments, bumped into them. When he saw Betty he said, "Say, this is my dance. Why did you run away?" Betty did not answer, but while Pierrot was looking the other way, put her finger to her lips and winked wickedly at Dick. The latter nodded, though somewhat amazed, and threaded his way in and out through the crowd and settled down in a chair to watch the dancers.

From his post, strange to relate, he spied another colonial lady who looked as if she might be Betty's twin. He rushed up to her, dragged her along into a secluded corner of the room and pulled off her mask "Susie! What on earth! Oh, I see now. Did you know that Betty has a dress just like yours?"

"Why, no" said Susie, putting on her mask again, "but what about it? For goodness sake, don't put on such a mysterious air."

"I guess Betty is playing some kind of a joke on Johnny. See her over there dancing with him? He thinks he's dancing with you."

Together they watched, an amused audience, at the farce then being enacted, until their hostess' voice rang out, "Everybody unmask." Nowhere was there such a bewildered countenance as Johnnie's when his fair partner removed her mask.

"Betty!"

"Yes, Johnnie."

"Say, what do you mean by playing such a trick on me, even if it is Hallowe'en?"

Just then the English gentleman appeared, leading the other Colonial lady.

"Will you change partners with me, Johnnie?"

"Sure, Dick, *with pleasure*."

"Goodnight, brother dear. I had a delightful dance," said Betty over her shoulder as the English gentleman led her away.

As Betty and Dick stopped to say good-night in front of the former's home, the Colonial lady said, "I was much amused, Sir Knight, at the ball. I thank thee for thy kind protection."

The English gentleman, bowing low over the lady's extended hand, replied, "My fair Lady, thou hast done me much honor and given me great pleasure in condescending to allow me to escort thee. Good-even."

For a second time that night, Betty climbed the stairs to her room, but this time with a much merrier heart and a livelier step. As she passed her mother's bedroom, that good woman called, "Did you have a good time, Betty?"

"Wonderful, Mother."

Mildred Rubin, '26.

The Tables are Turned

"I can't imagine anything funnier," and the speaker went off into gales of laughter.

"For goodness sake, Pamela what is the matter? You've giggled over that letter for the last fifteen minutes. Do read it to me."

"All rightee. Listen to this:

'Dear Sis,

Expect me, I should say us, the day before Hallowe'en. I am bringing Keith Nettleton home with me and here's where the joke comes in. He doesn't know you two are twins. So it's up to you and Pat to have some fun at his expense. I leave it all to you.'

And he goes on to say what time he'll be home et cetera. Pat, this will be a lark."

"How come?" asked Pat slangily far more interested in her book and candy than in the letter her sister was reading.

"Patricia Wayne, I could shake you," said the now exasperated Pam, "You are so provokingly stupid today."

This roused Pat who sat up and lazily regarded her sister.

"Well," she said, "what's all the excitement?"

"Oh, goodness, this—this," she scanned the letter hastily, "this Keith doesn't know we are twins. We'll have the time of our lives."

At last Pat was interested for this did sound promising. And the two of them sat down to formulate a plan which was to bewilder Keith to such an extent as to make him doubt his own sanity.

The day before Hallowe'en, Royal Wayne and his chum Keith arrived from college. Pamela met them at the station, having insisted upon being the one to go. She shook hands with Keith and kissed Royal after giving him a cautious wink.

"Jump in and we'll hit the high spots," she told them breezily as she motioned toward the sport model car owned respectively by the twins.

Keith, seated beside her, came to the conclusion that he had never before met a girl he liked so well as Pam.

She, unconscious of his thoughts, talked, laughed, and teased them both.

"I say, Roy, old top, we're having a party tomorrow night and we're going to just turn the tables and make the boys walk downstairs backwards to see their future wives and— —."

Here she paused for breath and the boys began to laugh heartily.

"It's a good joke on you boys anyway, so take heed," she warned them as she turned in the drive leading to their home. Pam drove off in the car and Keith and Royal went in.

They left their baggage in the hall to be cared for by the servants.

"Come on into the library, Keith," said Royal. "There's a roaring, big fire there."

In the library Patricia sat before the fire with the ever-present novel and candy. Keith gazed at her in amazement. "Good heavens, this girl must be a modern Mercury," he thought and unconsciously he stared at her feet almost expecting to see tiny wings sprouting out from the heels of her shoes.

"Quick work, sis," Royal said quickly, "run all the way back from the garage?"

"Oh, no!" said Pat, catching the hint. "I met the chauffeur round back and he took the car. By the way, Roy, we've got a new stunt for our party tomorrow night. We're— — —."

"Yes, we know," Roy came to her rescue, "You told us coming up." Pat started, then said, "Did I? Oh, yes, I must have. I say, Royal, let's take Keith

down to the stables. You two wait until I change into my knickers. I'll be back in a second." And she left them with a gay little wave of her hand.

Five minutes later Pam, having disposed of the car, came swinging in, whistling a popular jazz tune.

"Oh, say aren't you ready yet?" Keith asked.

"Ready? I—I— —?" Pam floundered.

"You've got a splendid memory, Pamela. Didn't you suggest that we take Keith down to the stables?" Royal again came to the rescue.

"I suggest that we — —? Oh, yes, of course. Just a minute." And she was out of the room before the astonished Keith and the delighted Royal could say any further word.

She had no sooner quitted the room than they heard Pat calling, "I'll be right down; wait until I find my hat."

Having found said hat, she appeared clad in becoming sport clothes. Keith, who had always thought it took a girl hours to dress, immediately called her, from then on, Mercury, the Second. But only to himself.

It was a gay, happy crowd of young people that gathered at the Wayne's on the night of Hallowe'en. The air tinkled with infectious laughter and gay banter. They ducked for apples, told fortunes, danced, sang, played tricks on one another, and each one strove to outdo the other. Nevertheless, there was a suppressed air of excitement for all were waiting for the event of the evening.

Pamela and Patricia, had by dint of careful management, prevented discovery of their secret.

Keith sat out one dance with Pam and such was the conversation which took place.

"Pam," Keith said, "I'd like to take you to the Frat dance; how about it?"

Pam pretended to think gravely upon the subject, then she answered, "Why I don't just know. I thought I was going with Garth Winfield. But I'll decide and let you know later."

Later proved to be a few dances afterward, when the unsuspecting Keith demanded an answer from Pat.

"Well, will you go with me?" he asked eagerly.

Go with him? Pat was in a dilemma (at sea). Where? When? Why?

She was thinking rapidly.

"I haven't decided yet," she said at last.

"But you promised to let me know soon."

"Well, I shall," she consoled him, "Come on let's finish this dance."

Keith, astonished, followed her as one in a daze. How casually she had dismissed the subject uppermost in his mind. Most girls were crazy to go to dances. He couldn't understand it.

But he had no time to think for he had been selected as the first victim for the new idea. So mirror in hand, he was hurried off toward the cellar door.

As she closed the door behind him, Pam called,

"Be quick. And do get a good look at her."

Who knows what Keith was thinking as he slowly descended the stairs? Let us guess and say he was hoping to see Pam's pretty, vivacious face.

Holding his candle high over his head, he stepped gingerly over the cellar threshold and stopped. He glanced into his mirror and gave such a start he almost dropped it. There, smiling and nodding at him, was Pam's face. Only, he rubbed his eyes and looked again, there were *two* faces exactly alike. He whirled about suddenly, but found only a row of boxes confronting him. Had he only known what those boxes concealed, but, unfortunately, he didn't. He turned back to his mirror, but the spell was broken.

Slowly he returned to be greeted by a hilarious crowd and excited questions.

"Who'd you see?"

"Was she pretty?"

"Anybody you know?"

But Keith refused to talk. He was too completely mystified, and so he went off to solve a mystery which, to him, seemed unsolvable. So deep in thought was he that he did not hear Royal and Pat come in.

"Oh, say, Keith. I guess we've had enough fun at your expense so now I want you to meet my sister Patricia," Royal said.

Keith rose slowly.

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, than Pam came darting in.

"Have you told him?" she asked breathlessly; then seeing his face, "Haven't you guessed? I'm twins."

"You mean we're twins," Pat corrected laughingly.

And then Keith understood. "But which one of you did I ask to the Frat dance?" he asked helplessly looking from one to the other.

"You asked me," Pam replied, "but you'll have to take Pat if she hasn't been asked yet. I always go with Garth."

As yet, Pat hadn't been asked, so Keith was satisfied.

The papers, the following day, spoke of the Wayne Hallowe'en party as the most successful of the season. But then why shouldn't it be?

Alyce Columbia, '26.

The Duel

"**N**OPE! the old West ain't what she used to be" growled old Hank Holton as he tipped his chair back against the wall. He glanced through the open doorway at the hot-dog-and-soda stand across the street, spat disgustedly, but accurately into a distant receptacle and gave his pants an angry twitch. His cronies settled further down in their chairs and waited for Hank to begin.

"Did I ever tell you gents that one about when 'Hack' Wathers and I had a duel?" inquired Hank tentatively. The greater part of his audience probably had heard the story, but due to the fact that Hank's former ability with a gun grew at every telling of the tale, they said nothing. Also there were several eager souls recently come from the East, who were trying to get some first-hand information on the old-time heroes of the West. Undoubtedly, they believed they were to hear about one of those dashing, handsome riders who could roll a smoke with his left hand, or draw his large pearl-handled revolver with phenomenal speed.

"Well, you see it was this way. Me and Hack was great friends back in the early eighties when I was sheriff of Allcali Flats and Hack was my deputy. We made a great team, we did, for we were the best shots the country round. But Hack was a bad-tempered individual who picked a quarrel on the slightest pretext. He was proud of his reputation as a dead shot he was. Well, he and I were in Fritz Hun's saloon one day imbibing the good, old stuff. Here's where the quarrel starts between me and Hack. We'd both drank more'n we'd ought to have, but Hack had swallowed more than I. Well, I let slip some remark about Hack's shootin' ability. He ups and retorts rather heatedly, to put it mildly. More words followed and Hack ends up by challenging me to a duel. Not being able to back down, I accepted. But there I was. Either I had to kill my best friend or be killed. But I noticed that Hack was kinda unsteady on his feet and sorta wobbled, and right then and there I decided to do some fancy shootin' without killing Hack. I was thinking fast, but Hack was "under the evil influence of liquor" as some of these women folks would say.

We went out into the street. We stood some distance apart and when the bar-keeper dropped the bottle as a signal to start shootin', we both went for our guns. Now, as I've maybe said before, though I mayn't be able to beat a rattler on the draw or hit a card at fifty paces, I ain't any amateur by any means. So I pulls out my shootin' iron, drops to the ground sudden like, and fires. Yuh needn't laugh, but I tell yuh my slug takes Hack right plumb in the gun hand. But what do you know! No sooner had I fired when I felt my own gun knocked from my hand. So being as how I am ambidextrous, I drew my other gun and shoots off Hack's left ear. That's too much for Hack and he makes a bee-line for the sage with me after him. Well, being real mad, I shot off Hack's other ear and then proceeded to shoot off his heels. Yes, sir. Then Hack surrendered."

At this bit of information, the listeners from the East let out a loud "Ah." Hank bit off a chew from his "Miner's Delight" and sauntered from the room. The Easterners looked at each other sheepishly and made a hasty exit. The old-timers, who had heard the tale before, but with minor variations, opined that Hank got better at each telling, and solemnly agreed that "the old West ain't what she used to be."

Elmer Merriman.

The Scare

IT was Hallowe'en night in the small town of Reverwood. Bob Grey, a young boy of thirteen who had lived in this country town for many years, was now planning a large celebration.

About a quarter of a mile down the road was an old abandoned farm house. Mr. Burns, who had once owned it, left it completely furnished when he went south for his health a few years before. It was here that Bob and friends had planned to have the base of their doings.

Bob knew that his sister and her friends would come home from the Hallowe'en party in the Town Hall about ten, and had planned to rush out on them as they passed the deserted house.

At nine o'clock, Bob and the boys had gathered at the house and soon were dressed in sheets and other white clothing. As their pumpkins lighted up the house, it made the old dusty furniture, bare walls, and the huge white fireplace look frightful. They put out the lanterns to await the time when the girls would pass the house.

About ten o'clock a noise was heard on the gravel path. The footsteps came closer. Was it the girls? No, they wouldn't come so close to the house. It was some one coming up the large stairs on the outside of the house that led to one of the bedroom doors.

"Joe, Fred, Ed, Jack, get in back of the piano! Paul, come with me," whispered Bob to the boys as he crouched behind the couch.

There was a creaking and much confusion in the room overhead. There was a steady and rather soft noise. The boys were too surprised and frightened to go out.

Soon a white figure, carrying a candle and many other articles came down the squeaky stairs.

First it paused, looking around, and then with long bony hands pulled down the shades. The boys who could hardly see this figure in the dim candle light, were terribly frightened as they peered from their hiding places. Was this a ghost that lived here at night?

The white figure first built a fire in the old fireplace and then put on a large pot, into which he put various mixtures. Soon thick chemical fumes arose and filled part of the room. The figure murmuring a soft monotonous tune, then worked at the table shaping, pounding, and melting this soft mixture. The boys were almost at their wits' end when suddenly the white ghost went down cellar. In about two minutes a tremendous noise that almost shook the house down was heard and a great flash of light seemed to burst forth and then disappear. That settled it. The boys were so thoroughly scared when this happened, that they jumped up and fled. When they reached Bob's house and had got their breath, they all asked similar questions, "What was the noise and the ghost?"

The boys, still shivering with fright, went home to bed and never mentioned their adventure to their families.

The next day, going to school, they kept away from the Burn's house and regarded it with awe. They still wondered about the happenings of the last night. But that night in the town paper it was explained by this item:

"The old house of A. F. Burns will soon be back to life again, and last night it seemed to be alive. Mr. Burns, who left it some years ago returned last night in search of old material for an invention upon which he had worked before leaving. The loud blast which aroused the town last night and seemed to be a part of Hallowe'en was the result of his invention, gunpowder. Burns will now continue to live in his old home."


When the boys met at their club, they solved all the mysteries. "But why was it that Mr. Burns looked like a ghost?" asked some of the boys.

"Oh," answered Bob, after some thinking, "Oh, he probably had on some chemical apron so as not to soil his clothes."

Then that explained it all; and to think that the boys were frightened and thought they saw a ghost. That was a Hallowe'en night long to be remembered. The girls would certainly have the laugh on them if they only knew.

Hazel Andrews, Com'l, '28.

Charming Sails

" H, blow the man down, laddies, blow the man down." It came across the water borne by a kind breeze. A four-masted schooner lay at anchor in the middle of the harbor. Her nose was in the wind and she flew her "Blue Peter." Very, very slowly a sail was going up on one of her masts as the men at the ropes sang that famous old sea chanty. Then the anchors were drawn up and the vessel swung about. As it began to move ahead, more canvas was hoisted and in half an hour she was in the open sea.

I had never before seen a sailing ship get under way. It is doubtful whether I shall ever again have that rare pleasure, for the day of the windjammer is past, and long black streaks of smoke mar the horizon. Romance and Beauty bow to modern Commercialism.

A ship with sails is a thing alive. It must be humored and petted sometimes. And it hurts a captain to expose his charge to the punishments of a heavy sea. A sailor must match his wits against Nature to keep his vessel afloat. He plays a game of skill.

But the steamship. What is that? A jumble of levers, a switchboard, a roaring furnace. What of its electric lights, its swimming pools, and restaurants? Who can cherish such things? On her bridge a pilot stands, his hand on a lever. He can send his ship north or south at any speed he wishes, or he may stop it entirely just by moving that little brass lever. Doubtless this is a wonderful achievement; it is a compliment to engineering prowess. But it has taken away an appealing and a beautiful institution. The blue of the sea and sky is blotted with black. How pitiful that white cannot trim it!

Wesley M. Noble, '27.

Miss Kaliher: "How far back does nobility go in the human race?"

J. Wood: "Back to Adam. He was the first bare'un."

* * * *

The monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.

* * * *

M. White: "Why didn't you give that dwarf something to eat when he asked for it?"

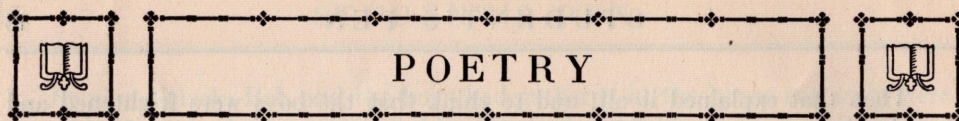
H. Moses: "Because I am opposed to dine-a-mite."

* * * *

H. Garrison: "All men try to get the earth, but the earth gets them."

D. Merrill: "Is this a joke?"

H. Garrison: "No sir, it is the grave truth."



Boo!

'Twas awful dark. The apple tree
Was tall and bare against the sky,
An' I'll admit 'at I was scared
When I went walking by.

I had to go, because you see;
'Twas Hallowe'en, and Pa had said
'At I must sure fix that barn door
'Fore I came in an' went to bed.

I walked real bold as I went down
The path, 'cause I could just about
Walk down blind-folded, but, oh gee!
On the way up my light went out!

I sort o' had to look around,
An' then up at that big, black tree,
An' what I saw up in that branch
Ain't just the thing I tho't I'd see.

For there, against the sky, as plain
As ever was, I saw a cat,—
A black cat, with its back all up,
And it was on a witch's hat!

I dropped the lantern an' I ran
As fast as I could, up the hill,
But just before I reached the door
An awful screech made me stop still.

I looked around, an' tumblin' down
From off that branch I saw our cat,
And after her, as plain as day
Was tumblin' an' old rag mat.

My sister'd been a-playin' house
Up in that very tree that day,
An' the mat that she'd been settin' on
Had all curled up to look that way.

M. H. Bastow.

Autumn Beauty

Autumn, with rich gifts bending low,
A charming queen in russet brown,
Gives to the harvest fruit a ruddy glow,
And to each tree a golden crown.

Her arbors, what a gorgeous sight!
Entwined with crimson woodbine fast,
And o'er the stacks of yellow corn,
The Harvest moon, a smile has cast.

But now the morning gardens wear
A shining silver gown.
Jack Frost has trampled everywhere;
October red has faded brown. *Helen Lynch, Com'l.*

Jimmy

(With the usual apologies to Rudyard Kipling)
Oh, Jimmy's on the football team,
His plays are full of vim;
And when the team's in trouble,
They pass the ball to him.

Tho it's "Jimmy this" and "Jimmy that"
Ane, "Jimmy you've no brains!"
It's, "Pass the ball to Jimmy!"
When they want to make some gains.

Yes, Jimmy's poor in history
And Latin's got him beat,
But when it comes to football,
He cannot face defeat.

Tho it's "Jimmy this" and "Jimmy that"
And "Jimmy, you will flunk!"
It's "Jimmy'll make a touchdown!"
When the team's been in a funk.

He's nothing in the classroom,
But put him on the back
And he'll show you all the vigor
That his recitations lack.

Tho it's "Jimmy this" and "Jimmy that"
And "Jimmy sure is poor."
It's three long cheers for Jimmy
When he's made the victory sure.

M. H. Bastow, '27.

Revenge

The stars were twinkling gaily,
The moon was riding high,
When from out the stillness rose
A shriek and then a cry.

"Oh! It's a ghost. Help! Help, police!"
The cries rent the still night air.
Behind the trees a shadow moved
And lurked in hiding there.

And when the silence reigned again,
From out among the trees
A figure robed in white appeared,
A'crawling on its knees.

And when the spook had reached the walk,
It scuttled away with a run,
And soon it joined a crowd of ghosts
Having their Hallowe'en fun.

"Say, what d'ya think of that?" is said.
"I scared her stiff as mud."
No teacher'll pull my ears again,"
Avowed the revengeful Bud.

M. Nagelsmith, '26.

Save

To Save, or not to Save,—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better to save and have,—
To put away for the proverbial rainy day
And, by saving, be prepared
Than 'tis to spend and have nothing. To Bank,—to Save!
'Tis true that by saving we stop
The heartache, the worries and cares
That come when one is without funds, To Conserve,—To Bank.
To Save, perchance have prosperity, Ah, there's the idea,
For in that word "Save" lies happiness and joy
That makes life worth living for,
All must bear hardships and sorrow,
But the spender is sorry, the saver, happy,
For more prepared is he for this weary life.
Thus Saving does make something of us all,
The loser is the spender, the gainer, the saver
So, Bank to Save!
And thus we shall all profit by making use of the—
SCHOOLS SAVING BANK!

Sadye Goldstein, Com'l.

BOOK REVIEWS**The Book Lover Speaks**

THIS is a modest and unassuming department. When the Student's Pen is represented at assemblies, it is the essay, story, and poem that is asked for, not the book review, and this is as it should be. We can make no promises of fame or appreciation for the daring soul who rashly hands in a review, unsolicited. There is not the slightest possibility of a sudden rise to academic fame, for I have never yet been able to find out that the reviews are even read. So you see, there can be nothing in reward except the ardent thanks and undying affection of the editor.

But there is some reward for the book-reviewer in spite of all this. Pittsfield High School, as I find it, is not interested in literature, modern or otherwise. When a senior class confesses that it has either never heard of "Thanatopsis" or doesn't know what it is about, when no attempt has ever been made to form a Literary Society or Reading Club, which even the humblest high school boasts, then surely no claim can be made to much, if any, literary interest. But have you ever read the exchange column? Have you noticed that the book reviews receive rather a lot of attention? In fact it was once asserted that if any one doubted the high literary value of our publication, he could read a certain book review and repudiate such doubts. Of course, that is silly, but it serves to illustrate my point, that even though our own school ignore us, there is a "higher tribunal" that notices, applauds and even rewards our humble effort. A book review printed in our April issue won a prize in an interscholastic contest. We have made the pose of being such intellectual giants, why not have a foundation for the flattering opinion our contemporaries seem to have of us?

Once in the dim past, I think there was some one who handed in a printable review without being implored to do so every day for two weeks, by a weary editor, but either he was discouraged or, being too good for this world, passed into the Great Unknown, for he has never repeated his rash act. But there remains his noble example—"Go thou and do likewise."

Mother Goose 2nd

WHEN a book sells in the hundreds of thousands, it is futile to criticize it favorably or unfavorably, for it will not add nor detract an iota from its popularity. But "When We Were Very Young" is the sort of book one likes to tell people about. A. A. Milne has written many delightful essays, but I venture to say that he will be best known by his book of children's poems. They are obviously written for children and any child in any country will love them. How I wished I might have been brought up on "James James, Morrison, Morrison," instead of such senseless rhymes as are handed out to the defenseless infant from the proverbial Mother Goose book. But quite the nicest thing about Milne's poetry is that it appeals as much to the grown up as to the child.

There is the rollicking nonsense of the King, who wasn't a "fussy man" but "he did like a little bit of butter to his bread"; and the amusing adventures of Edward Bear, who, being worried about his obesity and having no exercise but that of falling off the ottoman, was comforted by "Louis, the Fat, called 'the Handsome'."

No less entrancing is such whimsicality as in "Sand-between-the-Toes," "Lines and Squares" (who is there who has not walked in the squares in fear of the bears who wait around the corner to devour him who steps upon the lines?), "The Market" and the search for the little baby rabbits, that could not be bought with a penny or a sixpence at the market square, but must be found on the common. Then there is pure beauty in such poems as "Water Lilies" "Summer Afternoon," and in the hush and stillness of "Prayers."

It would be quite useless to try to quote any of the loveliest lines from these poems, although they are very quotable, for they must be read in their entirety in order that their infectious joy of living and their vivid, childlike imagination may be fully appreciated. Mr. Shepard's delicate little illustrations contribute no small part in interpreting A. A. Milne's mood and idea.

The Doctors Doctored

SINCLAIR LEWIS, in his novels "Main Street" and "Babbitt", which with "Arrowsmith" form a trilogy of contemporary American life, is primarily the iconoclast, but in "Arrowsmith", besides destroying idols, he has given something else, which he thinks is a little finer and bigger. This, I think, is the best element in his new novel. Moreover, his characters are much more interesting and likeable, even—as Leora—more lovable, where as Carol Kennicott and George F. Babbitt, when they do not bore us, merely arouse our contempt or mild pity. Mr. Lewis's writing is never slipshod—perhaps sometimes it is too precise and careful, but that is easily pardoned in this age when the really well-written novel is rare.

Martin Arrowsmith begins his career as self-appointed assistant to "Doc" Vickerson, even as a boy despising the farce and superficialities of the typical small town physician. Then, as a "medic" at Winnemac, he discovers bacteriology and Professor Gottlieb, who finally decides Martin's destiny. This period of his life is one of the most interesting parts of the book—when Arrowsmith is between discouragement and elation; loyalty and instinctive distate for the somewhat crude young men with whom he comes in contact. It is then that he finds and marries Leora, who, throughout the book saves him from stagnation and smug respectability. She is as clean and elemental as the plains of golden wheat she came from. The author says of her, "she was not a woman, she was not a wife, she was just herself." She is not an heroic character—one does not eulogize her bravery, although she dies on a plague ridden island where she has gone with Martin, but she was brave, as only simple, unaffected women can be. After her death, one fears for Martin, now a noted bacteriologist of the McGurk Institute, when he marries Joyce Lanyon, the society woman, who demands, not fidelity as did Leora, but attention. Finally there is a crisis, and whether Martin decides to keep on with the work he loves, or whether he will sacrifice his loved independence to Joyce must be decided.

Sinclair Lewis is very bitter on the subject of doctors, although he admits them to be necessary evils and condescends to grant them a humble part in the scheme of life. But in spite of his unkindness and injustice, he has told a story in a very entertaining manner, and, as such, "Arrowsmith" is worth reading.

Madge Tompkins, '26.

A Son of His Father

ANOTHER fine, typically American, Western story by our favorite and most popular of American authors—Harold Bell Wright! In this novel, Mr. Wright has given to his readers an entirely new theme and an interesting one. The story gives us adventures in the desert and mountain world of the regions of Arizona and the border of Mexico.

In this colorful setting, the author sets his plot. The story is that of a young college man, who comes into the inheritance of his father's great ranch in Arizona, and against whom an old enemy of the family conspires to bring about the destruction of the Morgan reputation. By mere chance, Nora O'Shea, a pretty, little, Irish girl, in search of her brother, Larry, whom she has not seen since he left the old country, happens to come to the home of the young ranchman.

In the depicting of "Big Boy" Morgan as a true illustration of the finer type of American manhood striving to give the best that is in him, Mr. Wright has summoned all of his best story-telling ability. Drawing striking contrast between Morgan and his rival, Holdbrook, the author makes one see the good deeds contrasted with the black deeds, the smoking rifles of the cattle thieves and of the arms smugglers of whom Holdbrook is ringleader. He touches and warms the hearts of his readers with the sweet, sunny smile of the friendly, Irish girl, Nora. The conspiracy formed by Holdbrook against Morgan, which brings about the finding of Nora's brother, serves as the underlying plot of the story.

In some spare moment, read "A Son of his Father" and, surely, you will not be disappointed in this most thrilling of adventure tales into which have been blended laughter and tears, hopes and comfort of life—all forming a fine romance. Never has Harold Bell Wright been more truly himself than in the inspiring pages of this novel.

Ione C. Howard, '26.

A burglar generally makes his home run, after he reaches the plate.

* * * *

Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is generally a clothes observer.

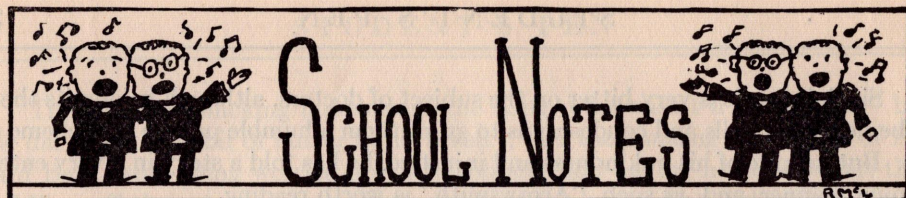
* * * *

B. Goodman: "My girl is very well bred."

A. Lanner: "Then you will never want any but-her."

* * * *

Corn is an emblem of peace, but it is never appreciated until it gets on its ear.



The Student Council

The Student Council, which met with such success last term, now has a firm foothold in the life of Pittsfield High School. The delegates were again elected in the home rooms in such a way that the under classmen send one delegate and the upper classmen two. The Council has organized, having William Whalen as president, and Marguerite May as secretary. Mr. Strout is adviser. Committees on assemblies, athletics, lunch room, interior and traffic have been appointed. The members of the various committees carry out their special duties and make reports at the meetings, which are held on the average of once in two weeks. The Council is a very important factor in the school as it gives the pupils a chance to have a voice in the school government, and to suggest, through the delegates, anything which would tend to better conditions in the building. Support the Council, then, and aid it in its work.

Girls' League Assembly

Miss Gertrude A. J. Peaslee and Miss Elizabeth Henry came to the Pittsfield High School, October 1st, to give the girls their annual invitation to join the Girls' League. Miss Peaslee spoke in a general way of the aim of the League for this year. The League belongs to all, since our fathers contributed to the Community Chest, and so, indirectly, to the League.

For this year, the League has three goals: fun for all, friendship for all, fine health for all! There will be three divisions: the class division, the club division, and the social activities.

Miss Henry then spoke in more detail concerning the work of the League. Of the classes, there are nine: gymnasium (just the place for fat girls to get thin, thin girls to get fat!); dancing (just for fun!); Ukelele class, dramatics, basketball, tennis, hockey, swimming, and handiwork. There are three clubs. The Employed Girls' Club meets Wednesday evening from six o'clock on. Mrs. Hawley will lead a Nature Club which will study stars, trees, flowers, and butterflies. This is to meet on Tuesday evening at six fifty-five. The "Good Looks" Club, probably the most popular club of all, meets on Thursday evening at seven o'clock. There will be lectures on the hair, complexion, how to dress, etc. There will be nine divisions in all, and experts have been secured to give the instruction.

The social activities of the Girls' League have always been enjoyed highly by everyone. This year the League offers "Pop" nights, every third Monday night; dances, the first Friday night in the month; a teachers' party, banquets, hikes, and picnics.

We are sure that, with such a vivid program, the Girls' League will have something that will appeal to every girl in high school.

Let's get behind the Girls' League and make it a huge success!

Harriet N. Moses, '26.

Miss Hortense Neilson, coming under the auspices of the Kiwanis Club, dramatized Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" at the Central High School, Wednesday, October 7th. She portrayed each character in the play in turn, by suggestion rather than by actual portrayal. Miss Neilson said that some of the actions and words of the play were not true, historically, but that Mr. Drinkwater was a playwright and had "literary license" to insert action and speeches, regardless of actual facts.

Miss Neilson is a very fine impersonator and her dramatization of the play was excellent. This assembly was unique, in that it has been a very long time since we have had anything like it here. However, the applause and the attentive silence were testimonials of a huge success for Miss Neilson. We all hope that she will come again.

The entering students were formally welcomed into Pittsfield High School in an assembly held on October sixteenth. Liston Tanner, who is chairman of the Assembly Committee, introduced the speakers. In the first speech, Harriet Moses told the Sophomores how pleased the upper classmen are to have them here and how friendly the latter would be if only the former would come half way first. How true that is! An account by Jack Harding of the clubs and their work followed. This seemed a golden opportunity for Marjorie White, editor of the Student's Pen, to voice the everlasting plea for more support of the school paper from the student body. Catherine Van Buren, accompanied by Edna Williams, sang a most charming solo, "Fairy Pipers." Carmen Massimiano, manager of the football team, spoke on the benefits derived from athletics and gave us an insight on the prospects of the team for the coming season. Then Bob Goodman was introduced. He very mysteriously asked the audience to stand. It did. Then the speaker asked the audience to be seated. It did. Bob then relieved the great curiosity by saying, "Fine, I wondered if I had the power to move an audience." His entire speech on the "Ideals of P. H. S." was well received. The next speaker was one we had not expected. It was rather unfortunate that her visit to the school fell on the same day as our assembly, as she was not given much time and as a result had to hurry her message. Mrs. Gleason, honorary president of the W. C. T. U., spoke on Law-Enforcement especially in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment. She criticized very severely the attitude of the young people toward this law as well as toward others. We are the law makers of tomorrow and no doubt will then expect our laws to be enforced and obeyed.

The Exchange Department of the Student's Pen has had an excellent list of exchanges for the past few years. Although no comments on our exchanges appear in this issue we are getting ready for a better year than ever.

We appreciated greatly the helpful suggestions given us by our exchanges last year and we ask each one of you to help us more this year. We are always glad to receive criticisms which enable us to improve our magazine.

The Student's Pen is always glad to welcome new exchanges and we hope there will be many new ones this year.

Wake up Senior A's

What's the matter with the Senior A's? Where were they in the assembly of October 15th? Do you realize that there was not one Senior A speaker on the program? Do you realize that it was our duty in place of the Senior B's to give the welcome address to the underclassmen? Let's get going, show some life so that we may leave something to look back at with pride when we are graduates of P. H. S..

On October 15th a meeting was held and credit is due, for it was attended very well. The possibility of a dance or a play was discussed. After arguments were heard on both sides and a vote taken, the dance won out. A committee consisting of Marion Barbour and Clarence Trudell was elected to make necessary arrangements for it. Please watch for the date and do not forget to save your small change. The "Hop" will be along soon.

L. A. Goddeau, '26, Sec.

Senior B Notes

As usual, a most quiet and orderly meeting of the promising Senior B class was held on Wednesday, September twenty-third. Officers for the coming year were elected. No presidential campaign in the United States ever surpassed the enthusiasm displayed in nominating and electing the various officials. Carmen Massimiano was re-elected president, and Marjorie White, treasurer. The latter was so successful in collecting our Class Tax and in handling our funds in connection with the Prom that there was no question in our minds as to who should hold the office this year. Margaret Henry is vice-president while Lila Burns is secretary. The class showed its customary wisdom in electing Miss Pfeiffer as class adviser. To Mr. Rudman, who helped us so willingly last term, we wish to voice our appreciation. At present, we have reached a crucial point in our career, that of selecting a class ring. A committee consisting of Harriet Moses, Marjorie White, Lila Burns, Willard Shepardson, James MacIntosh and Dave Thompson, was appointed by the president and is now engaged in consulting catalogues and jewelers to choose the finest ring ever worn by a Senior.

Junior A Notes

The first meeting of the Junior A Class was held on September 15th for the purpose of organizing. The following officers were elected: *President*—Merrill Tabor, *Vice-President*—Donald Merrill, *Secretary*—Marion Simmons, *Treasurer*—Robert Pomeroy, *Class Advisor*—Mr. Russell.

Due to the fact that this class failed to organize last February, finances have been the subject of much discussion and debating, but the class, having much courage, decided to pay their class tax from February even though they were not organized.

Marion Simmons, Sec. '27.

The following committees have been chosen by the Junior A class in preparation for its coming prom:

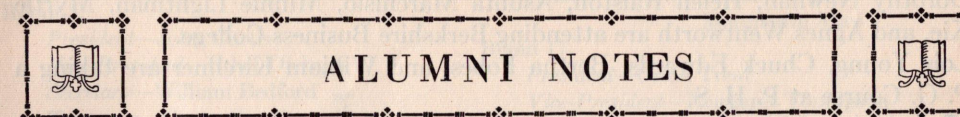
Junior Prom Committee: Ruth Housman, Fred Carpenter, Katherine Killian, Nancy Wellington, Kathleen Noonan, William Shimmon; *Decorating:* Lillian Leg-

ro, Wesley Noble, George Loveless, Marjorie Redding; *Reception:* Margaret Killeen, Helen McGill, Florence Chaipin, Eleanor Gannon; *Refreshment:* Anna Coleman, Miss Engelmann, Marion Simmons, Josephine Hollister, Rose Killeen; *Music:* A. Bloch, Florence Preston; *Checking:* D. Lyons, F. Clarke; *Tickets:* R. Pomeroy, H. Garrison; *Program:* H. Volin, Helen Finn.

Junior B Notes

In Room 11, on September 14th, the Junior B class met with Mr. Rudman for organization. The officers elected are: *President*—William Hetlser, *Vice-President*—Kenneth Roberts, *Treasurer*—Catherine Gregory, *Secretary*—Marjorie Condron.

The class showed great discretion in choosing Miss Morse as class-adviser. It was voted that each member of the class should pay a monthly tax of twenty-five cents. Lots of luck is wished to the treasurer in collecting it.



'23 Everett Lesure is studying at Brown University.
Willard Bridgham has entered a school in Marietta, Ohio.
Wendell Boudreau is still studying at Yale.

'24 Howard Learned has completed his year at Dean Academy and entered Detroit University.
Winthrop Gregory has entered his sophomore year at Detroit University.
Douglas Smith has entered the freshman class at St. Stephen's College.
Dorothy Rhoades has entered Smith College.
Herrich Cook, an ex-member, is attending Clarkson Tech.
Harold Palmer has entered Danville Military Academy in Virginia.
Stillman Fielding is attending Norwich University.

'25 Mildred McLaughlin of the Feb. Class is studying at Westfield Normal.
Esther Levin, Anna Quirk, Margaret MacCourt, Geraldine Linnehan, Mary Ryan, Margaret Maloney, Martha Shultz, and Aileen Coyne have also entered Westfield Normal.
Isadore Avnet has entered the University of Florida.
Bessie Levine is studying at Lowell Normal.
Donald Curtis and Peter Genovese have entered the University of Pennsylvania.
Phyllis Martin is attending Wheaton.
Marian Morrison has entered Smith College.
Ellen Andrews, Martha Burt, Winifred Killbridge, Anna Gleason, and Sarah Robinson have taken up studies at North Adams Normal.
Muriel MacArthur is attending Potsdam Normal.

Norman Hollister and Charles Owen have entered Williston.

Robert Heister, our star athlete of the class of June '25, who worked in Dept. EM-2 at the General Electric during the summer, has entered St. Lawrence University. In Pittsfield High he distinguished himself as a great football, baseball, and basketball player.

Hazel Clarke is in training at the Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses.

Gorham Beckwith is studying at New York University.

Elaine Carruthers has entered Rhode Island College.

Robert Burbank is attending St. Stephen's College.

Matthew Jacoby has entered University of Ohio.

Franklin Gamwell is studying at Brown University.

Celia Yanone, Katherine Roscoe, Margaret Callahan, Catherine Volin are attending The Elms, Chicopee.

Howard Hulsman, who was selected as the ideal Pittsfield High School Boy of the Class of '25, has entered Harvard. He ranked third in scholastic standing and also distinguished himself in athletics.

Helen Patten is studying music at the Conservatory of Music in New York.

Dorothy Newhall, Helen Ralston, Asunta Marchisio, Minnie Lightman, Myrtle Kie, and Agnes Wentworth are attending Berkshire Business College.

Lois Young, Chuck Edwards, Bertha Fobes, and William Kirchner are taking a P. G. Course at P. H. S.

'26 Arthur Milne, an ex-member, has entered Hargrave Military Academy in Chatham, Virginia.

Edgar Hubbell, an ex-member, is studying at Loomis Radio College in Washington, D. C.

In Memoriam

JOHN W. GAMWELL

The class of 1924 little realized when it graduated how soon one of its most prominent members would be taken from its midst. His classmates lost a man whom they will remember as having possessed great talents, mixed with a most congenial character. All of his friends will hold dear to their memory, the remembrance of his utter sincerity and the wonderful future that was certain to develop before him. We can never realize the grief of his family, but we hope that for them to know that he was the admired friend of all his acquaintances, will be of some consolation.

The events of life hang as though from a thread,

As do also the lives of our friends,

And when Fate in her seemingly strange ways,

Takes a boy from our midst, to his rest,

The only thing that we can hope to do,

Is to believe that all's for the best. H. W., '24.

Home Room Organization

CENTRAL BUILDING

Room 1.

President—Clifford Lord

Secretary—Emma Sambel

Treasurer—Paul Wood

Student Council—Thurston Pillsbury

Room 3.

President—John Sullivan

Vice-President—Priscilla Woodward

Secretary-Treasurer—Albert Barris

Student Council—Russell Gilmore

Room 4.

President—Donald McIntosh

Vice-President—Grace Quirk

Secretary—Marjorie Keene

Treasurer—Dorothy McGee

Student Council—Warren Shepardson

Room 5.

President—John Curtis

Vice-President—Ethel Dickson

Secretary—William Bedford

Treasurer—Harry Gandler

Student Council—Sumner Gamwell

Room 6.

President—Donald Merrill

Vice-President—Antonio Massimiano

Secretary-Treasurer—Charles Smith

Student Council—John Walker

Room 8.

President—Arnold Hettstrom

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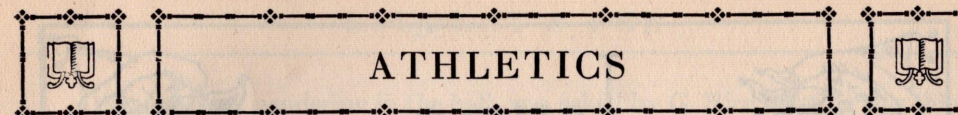
Emil Metropole
Ethel Vincent

Student's Pen:

Mayfree Wilbur

Sunshine Committee:

Louise O'Donnell
Dorothy Wellspeak
Evelyn Nagelsmith



ATHLETICS

Football Notes

On September 9, 1925, first call for football candidates was issued by Coach Carmody. The next day sixty three men reported in uniform ready for the first week of training. With so many varsity men, and with such a wealth of promising material found among the newcomers, Coach Carmody's hopes of producing a good team are very high.

Our first game of the season was played against the strong Kent preparatory eleven and our boys, playing a wonderful brand of football, succeeded in holding Kent to one field goal. In our second game P. H. S. decisively defeated the Lee high eleven.

Games other than those mentioned include:

Saturday Oct. 17,—Williams College freshmen at Williams; Saturday, Oct. 24,—Adams at Adams; Saturday, Oct. 31,—Drury at Pittsfield; Saturday, Nov. 7,—Williamstown high at Pittsfield; Saturday, Nov. 14,—St. Joseph's high at Pittsfield; Saturday, Nov. 21,—Dalton high at Pittsfield.

Carmen Massimiano, '26.

Kent 3,— P. H. S.—0

The P. H. S. football team played its first game of the season against the Kent preparatory school eleven at Kent, Connecticut, Saturday afternoon and were defeated by a score of 3 to 0. It was not until the final quarter of the game that Kent was able to score and then Muldaur, the captain and quarterback of the team, sent over a drop kick from the twenty-two yard line. Although the field was wet, both teams played a good brand of football, relying for the most part on line plays. In the last quarter of the game the fastest football was displayed, when Pittsfield completed several forward passes carrying the ball to Kent's twenty yard line. The punting of Whalen, and the tackling of Coombs, Pomeroy and Gamer were outstanding! Henry Edwards, who was playing his first game at center, did exceptionally well. Muldaur, Goodbody and Vorhees featured for Kent. The final score was Kent 3—P. H. S. 0.

Pittsfield High Wins First League Game

P. H. S. defeated the Lee High School team at Lee, Wednesday, October 14th by a score of 34 to 6 in its first league game of the season. Pittsfield led at half time by a score of 21 to 0, but Lee managed to score in the third quarter when Walker made a sensational run of 65 yards for a touchdown by intercepting a forward pass. Several Pittsfield players started after Walker, and Foster, although he succeeded in reaching him, was unable to down him. Sullivan of Pittsfield also made a brilliant run for 40 yards when he intercepted a Lee forward pass. Just before the beginning of the game Billy Whalen was elected captain of the Pittsfield High School football team.



Smiles from Here and There

The most modest man we ever heard of was in a rowboat in a storm. He got drowned because he refused to hug the shore.

* * * *

Miss Morse: "William, what are the Knights of the Bath?"

Prodgers: "Why; Saturday nights, of course."

* * * *

If women are angels, why don't they fly over a fence instead of making such awkward jobs of climbing?

* * * *

"What time did Francis Campion go away last night, Ruth?"

R. Houseman: "It was a quarter of twelve, Father." ("Three," she said to herself, "is a quarter of twelve.")

* * * *

D. Thompson: "Bill, what's an optimist?"

B. Shepardson: "An optimist is a man who, after falling down stairs, picks himself up and says, 'Well, I was coming down anyway.'"

* * * *

Miss Kaliher: "Tell me what you know about the Age of Elizabeth."

B. Frank: "She will be eighteen next week."

* * * *

Dr. Gannon: "I am so glad to see so many shining faces before me."

Application of four dozen powder puffs.

* * * *

The flapper thought the doctor was trying to flatter her when he told her she had acute appendicitis.

* * * *

Chuck Sullivan: "He has a dandy train of thought."

A. Rose: "Yes, but it's a freight train."

C. Sullivan: "Huh?"

A. Rose: "He can't express it."

Dick Osborne, pondering in the hall, was asked by G. Rice what he was thinking about.

D. Osborne: "I was wondering how I was going to get my coat on over my wings."

G. Rice: "Don't worry about that. Think of how you'll get your hat on over your horns."

* * * *

Miss Kaliher: "What is the Chinese question?"

B. Frank: "Got any laundry?"

* * * *

Ray Pilon: "I see Jack is on the scrub team."

M. Nagelsmith: "Oh, dear, and the poor thing would never wash his ears last year."

* * * *

B. Goodman: "Did you notice how my voice filled the hall last night?"

Yates: "Yes,—in fact, I noticed several people leaving to make room for it."

* * * *

Alyce Columbia: "What do you think of a boy who will make a girl blush?"

M. McClatchey: "I think he's a wonder."

* * * *

Grace Laramee: "I hear you made a bet that if you proposed to me I'd accept."

Her latest: "Yes, will you marry me, dear?"

G. Laramee: "How much did you bet?"

* * * *

Russ. Clark: "I think I'll buy a car."

Jennie Corrinet: "But can you afford it?"

Russ. Clark: "No, but I can afford to think I can."

* * * *

Mr. Ford: "Why do you rise so early in the morning?"

Mr. Strout: "I have to go to school early in order to find a parking place for my car."

Mr. Ford: "But do you not then have a good deal of time hanging on your hands?"

Mr. Strout: "Oh, then I take the street car home and have breakfast."



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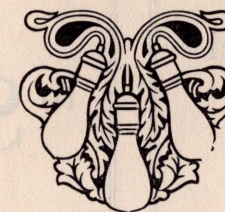
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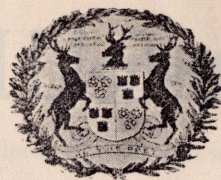
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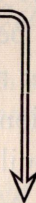
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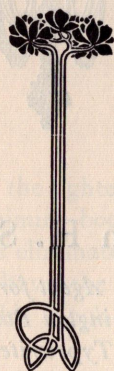
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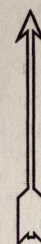
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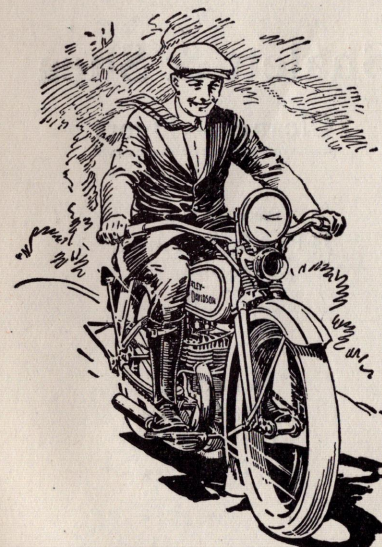
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